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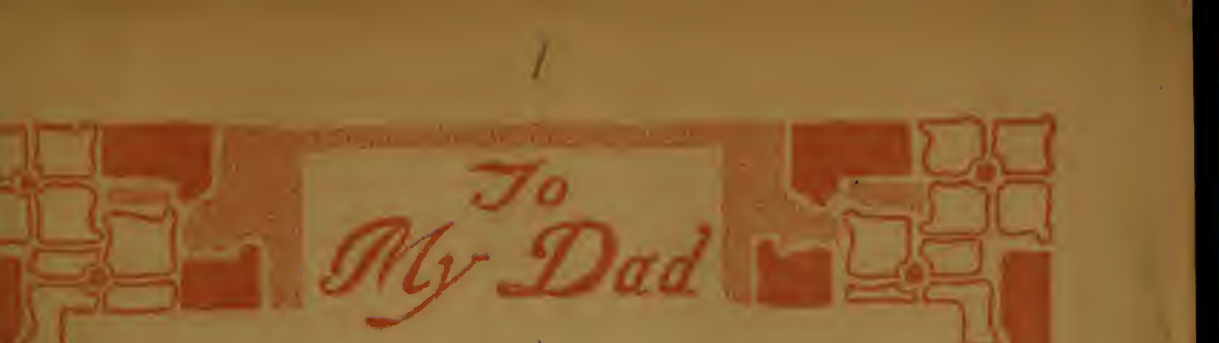
TO
MY
DAD



To My Dad

TO MY DAD

538

COMPILED BY

WALLACE and FRANCES RICE

DECORATIONS

BY

ELIZABETH IVINS JONES

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To My Dad

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To My Dad

LET this be said of Fathers. All our thought of God, Creator, heavenly Friend and tender, is surely based, since Time began, upon our human fathers here below; and His all-knowing justice, quick to smile upon our goodness, slow to punishment however much deserved, is founded deep upon our knowledge of the kindly men who are our sires, and still our surest friends in all this troubled world. Within their hearts our lives had being, from profoundest love rising within their souls our younger souls took birth, upon our babyhood their eyes rested with gentleness, our stormy youth passed its slow hours with sympathetic light from their lost little days to give it guidance. Their toil, their weariness, their upward flight were all for us, and on this faithful duty performed so well is reared the edifice of civilization and the dome of state. —*Wallace Rice.*

TO MY DAD

WHEN I was just a little kid
My Daddy seemed so big and grown
I thought him dreadful old, I did,—
Older than anyone I'd known.

It never once came in my head—
When I was just a kid, you know,—
That his own boyhood was not dead
And had not passed so long ago.

Of course I knew—and knew it then—
That some day, say next century,
Small boys, like me, grew to be men;
But never men as old as he!

In those young days I used to wonder,
When I'd done wrong and had been caught,
Just how it was Dad knew, by thunder!
So much about my inner thought.

Well, I know now my dear old Dad
Has never lost the thoughts of boys,
Nor how it feels to be a lad
With little hopes and fears and joys;

And every year, as these years end,
My Dad more youthful seems to me—
More of a boy, more of a friend,
And younger than I used to be!

—*John Jarvis Holden.*

To My Dad

IF he's wealthy and prominent and you stand in awe of him, call him 'Father.' If he sits in his shirt-sleeves and suspenders at ball games and picnics, call him 'Pop.' If he tills the land or teaches Sunday School, call him 'Pa.' If he wheels the baby carriage and carries bundles meekly, call him 'Papa,' with the accent on the first syllable. If he belongs to a literary circle and writes cultured papers, or if he is a reformer in politics and forgets to vote, call him 'Papa,' with the accent on the last syllable. If, however, he makes a pal of you when you're good, and is too wise to let you pull the wool over his loving eyes when you're not; if, moreover, you're sure no other fellow you know has quite so fine a father, you may call him 'Dad,' but not otherwise. —*H. C. Chatfield-Taylor.*

DAD—just dad: what love breathes around that name wrought by Love itself! Throughout the year more lavish of gifts than days of June, he finds happiness in bestowing happiness. Not only does he give comforts and material protection, but by his strength of spirit, by his sympathy and sincerity, by his experience wrested from the years, by his joyous and youthful heart triumphing over grief and strife, his example is itself a teacher of life's greater values. —*Rena Albertyn Smith.*

To My Dad

WHEN I was a very little lad
I used to go walking with my Dad.
Sunday! Yes, that was the day for me,
The day of days, when Dad was free.

He always bought me a red balloon
That seemed to me as big as the moon,
And he always took me to some fine shop
And gave me a glass of ginger-pop.

He took me out in the country, too,
Where buttercups and daisies grew;
And on one big bridge we used to stand
And watch the ships—it was Fairy-
land. . . .

Dad died when I was still quite small,
I think I missed him most of all;
And, though I've seen 'most every sight
Since I was such a little wight,

I often long for those Sunday walks,
My red balloon, and our simple talks;
And I've sought, but I never can seem to
find
Those curious streets that used to wind

To that wonderful bridge on which we stood,
And that flower-filled meadow by the wood.
Yet I know if I found them the tears would
start,
And I think it would almost break my heart.

—*Charles Hanson Towne.*

To My Dad

IN my father, I observed his meekness; his constancy without wavering in those things, which after a due examination and deliberation, he had determined. How free from all vanity he carried himself; how generally and impartially he would give every man his due; his skill and knowledge, when rigor or extremity, or when remissness or moderation was in season; and that whensoever any necessary business upon some necessary occasions was to be put off before it could be ended, he was ever found when he went about it again, the same man that he was before. His care to preserve his friends; how neither at any time he would carry himself toward them with disdainful neglect, and grow weary of them; nor yet at any time be madly fond of them. How he was neither a superstitious worshiper of the gods, nor an ambitious pleaser of men, or studious of popular applause; but sober in all things, and everywhere observant of what was fitting; in those things which conduced to his ease and convenience without pride and bragging, yet with all freedom and liberty: so that as he did freely enjoy them without any anxiety or affectation when they were present, so when absent, he found no want of them; keeping within the compass proper to a man who hath a perfect and invincible soul.

—*Marcus Aurelius Antoninus.*

To My Dad

MY Daddy he's just been and told
Me just the funniest thing!
I always thought men were too old
To be remembering

When they were boys, if they ever were—
And here Dad's been and showed
That they were babies once—yes, sir!—
Before they went and growed.

And Daddy got the papers out
With pictures of great men;
And I guessed how they looked, about,
When they were babies then.

There's Pres'dent Taft—well, he was round
And kind of smiling slow;
And Daddy said that that was sound,
And guessed that that was so.

And Pres'dent Rosyvelt, well, he—
Well, he'd just up and holler
Till all the folks came in to see;
And Dad said, 'That might foller.'

And Pres'dent Wilson, well, he'd blink,
All kind of still and slight,
And sort of make-believe to think;
And Dad said, 'Guess you're right.'

And say, if they were babies—gee!
There's some show for a boy like me.

—John Jarvis Holden.

To My Dad

WHEN Dad was young, he used to be
So good he made his parents glad;
He hadn't any faults, and, gee!
The kind thoughts that he always had!
It made him glad to wash his face,
And always do what he was told;
And there was peace about the place—
His father never had to scold.

Dad says his hair is grey because
My wickedness has made it so;
I'm not the kind of boy he was
When he was little, long ago.
I've put the wrinkles in his brow,
And robbed him of his hopefulness,
And he'd be young and happy now
If I had not been born, I guess.

When Dad was young he used to try
To keep his parents full of glee;
He never made his daddy sigh,
And was as good as good could be!
Dad was an angel child, but still
My poor old Grandpa has white hair;
And who, I wonder, helped to fill
His face so full of lines of care?

—*Samuel Ellsworth Kiser.*

WHEN the old man waggles his head and says, 'Ah, so I thought when I was your age,' he has proved the youth's case. —*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

To My Dad

ON summer Saturday's long afternoon
I used to climb, barefoot, one throne-like knoll,
Soliloquizing, "Father's coming soon."
The grey pike billowed eastward like a scroll,
And vanished in the summit of a hill
A world-long mile away; around me played
The shifting sunbeams, magically still,
Tiptoeing from each ever-lengthening shade.

I knew that when they crept into my ken
Above the hillbrink I should know the span:
White-stockinged bay, head-tossing grey; and then
The strong familiar figure of the man.
I'd know him—know him! Leaping with their joy
My swift feet from my cairn would bear me down—
A laughing, zephyr-hearted, eager boy,
Welcoming home my father from the town!

One day my father went away again;
Perhaps the sun shone, but we could not see.
I have not climbed that little knoll since then,

To My Dad

For Father is not coming home to me.
Somewhere he waits upon a sun-kissed hill
And softly says, 'My boy is coming soon.'
He'll know me from afar—I know he will!—
When, world-tired, I trudge home, some afternoon.

—*Strickland W. Gillilan.*

DEAR Dad, as your daughter takes a backward glance over the road of her youth before rounding the corner of new duties, she sees the way lighted by the sacrifices of fatherly love; she sees burdens not dropped but made easier to bear; she sees wise and helpful counsel which guided past days of temptation and nights of discouragement; and in every weary hour she found always a sane counselor, a sympathetic friend in her dear Dad.

—*Grace Berenice Cooper.*

A KINDER gentleman treads not the earth. —*William Shakespeare.*

'YOU know so much at twenty,' said the father to his youthful son; 'so much more than you will at thirty. At forty you will begin to suspect me of knowing something; and at fifty you will wish to Heaven that you knew as much as your Daddy. I know, because I'm fifty.'

To My Dad

DIM o'er the pastures the deep shadows gather;
Twilight brings truce to the labors of men,
And the tired world doth return, like a father,
Unto the home of the evening again.

Long pleasant shadows that wait the stars' blisses
Follow the feet of the toilers, who come
Glad from their labors to soft clinging kisses
And the sweet cheer of their children and home.

What are the toils of the day and their traces
When, 'mid the wonder of roses and dew,
Strong arms and slender are twined in embraces,
Young hearts and old pulsing tender and true?

Darkling the night comes to doom the day ended;
Silent the stars mount their heavenly throne,
Smiling fond envy in rays softly splendid,
As the glad father returns to his own.

—*Christopher Bannister.*

HERE'S to my good chum, dear Dad, with all the love of your daughter, Dad's dear!

To My Dad

BROWN eyes,
Straight nose,
Dirt pies,
Rumpled clothes;

Torn books,
Spoilt toys;
Arch looks,
Unlike a boy's;

Little rages,
Obvious arts;
(Three her age is),
Cakes, tarts;

Falling down
Off chairs;
Breaking crown
Down stairs;

Catching flies
On the pane;
Deep sighs—
Cause not plain;

Bribing you
With kisses
For a few
Farthing blisses;

Wide awake,
As you hear—
'Mercy's sake,
Quiet, dear!'

New shoes,
New frock;
Vague views
Of what's o'clock

When it's time
To go to bed,
And scorn sublime
For what is said;

Folded hands
Saying prayers,
Understands
Not, nor cares;

Thinks it odd,
Smiles away;
Yet may God
Hear her pray!

Bedgown white,
Kiss Dolly;
Good-night!—
That's Polly.

Fast asleep
As you see;
Heaven keep
My girl for me!

—William Brighty Rands.

To My Dad

THOU happy, happy elf!
(But stop,—first let me kiss away that tear!)
Thou tiny image of myself!
(My love, he's poking peas into his ear!)
Thou merry, laughing sprite,
With spirits feather-light,
Untouched by sorrow, and unsoiled by sin,—
(My dear, the child is swallowing a pin!)

Thou enviable being!
No storms, no clouds, in thy blue sky foreseeing,
Play on, play on,
My elfin John!
Toss the light ball, bestride the stick,—
(I knew so many cakes would make him sick!)
With fancies, buoyant as the thistle-down,
Prompting the face grotesque, and antic brisk,
With many a lamb-like frisk!
(He's got the scissors, snipping at your gown!)

Thou pretty opening rose!
(Go to your mother, child, and wipe your nose!)
Bold as the hawk, yet gentle as the dove;—
(I'll tell you what, my love,
I cannot write unless he's sent above!)

—*Thomas Hood.*

To My Dad

I GROAN as I put out
My nets on the say,
To hear the little girshas shout,
Dancin' among the spray.

Ochone! the childer pass
An' lave us to our grief;
The stranger took my little lass
At the fall o' the loaf.

Why would you go so fast
With him you never knew?
In all the throuble that is past
I never frowned on you.

The light o' my old eyes,
The comfort of my heart!—
Waitin' for me your mother lies
In blessèd Innishart. . . .

Ochone! my thoughts are wild:
But little blame I say;
An ould man hungerin' for his child,
Fishin' the livelong day.

You will not run again,
Laughin' to see me land.
Oh, what was pain and throuble then,
Holdin' your little hand?

Or when your head let fall
Its soft curls on my breast?

To My Dad

Why do the childher grow at all
To love the stranger best?
—*Katharine Tynan-Hinkson.*

SWEET, they say, the music that the seraph Israfel
Strikes from his heart's strings in the sun,
Sweeter far the laughter that melodiously fell
From your lips, my bright-eyed little one!

Call it bubbling spirit out of nature's deep,
Or the young soul's thanksgiving and prayer,
Call it light made audible for mother's heart to keep,
Her one recompense from crowning care.

Call it what one will, yet it is more than words can say:
Hope's own voice made true, and Truth's made glad,
Love's most perfect symphony, and Life's divinest lay,
Heaven's voice proclaiming, 'Be not sad!'

Blessèd child, your laughter, will it change with changing years?
Pray its innocence may ne'er depart,
Let it be a symbol, christened by most tender tears,
Of the pure white goodness of your heart!
—*Donald Robertson.*

To My Dad

WHAT I shall leave thee none can tell,
But all shall say I wish thee well;
I wish thee, Vin, before all wealth,
Both bodily and ghostly health:
Nor too much wealth, nor wit, come to thee,
So much of either may undo thee.
I wish thee learning, not for show,
Enough for to instruct, and know.
I wish thee all thy mother's graces,
Thy father's fortunes, and his places.
I wish thee friends, and one at court,
Not to build on, but support;
To keep thee, not from doing many
Oppressions, but from suffering any.
I wish thee peace in all thy ways,
Nor lazy, nor contentious days;
And when thy soul and body part,
As innocent as now thou art.
—*Richard Corbet,* 'A Father's Blessing.'

MYRIADS of stars, but only one sun; many friends, but only one father. Yet, even as the sun's bright kindliness is taken quite as a matter of course in fair weather, so is a father's glowing affection. It is only when the weariness of a wet week comes upon us that we feel to the full what the splendor of the sun means to us; and too often it is not until a father is long absent that his children come to understand the full significance of his daily life amongst them.

—*Rowena Adelaide Stone.*

To My Dad

WERE I a poet, my love for my father would flow into song; yet, even then, I could not tell much about my father, for a father is one of the wonderful things I cannot quite comprehend. There seems to me something mysterious about him, something that is not heard in his voice, though at times it whispers when he is silent. I think, most of all, it is something of which he is unconscious—an expression of his face. On the faces of other girls' fathers I have noticed the same indefinably wistful combination of love, joy, pride—and pain. It is the pain I do not comprehend; perhaps I might if I could see the side of fathers' hearts which is turned within: the secret I seek is not written on the side they turn toward their children. If fathers suffer, they never tell, for they hide their hurts as warriors hide their wounds.

—*Rena Albertyn Smith.*

WITH her blithe smile and gleam of golden hair,
She like a candle lit her father's hearth,
Making the old man glad.

—*Alexander Smith.*

THOU art the framer of my nobler being;
Nor does there live one virtue in my soul,
One honorable hope, but calls thee father.

—*Samuel Taylor Coleridge.*

To My Dad

THE bitterest and the gladdest hour it was!
I stood at the stair's foot and heard your cry
Ring through the house. Upon the slanting glass
The setting sun made splendor, and I watched
Him sink with eyes which nothing saw. Again,
A moment's space the chamber-door unlatched
Let out your moaning, and I bitterly
Bowed down and trembled at your voice of pain.
Eternity seemed crowded in that hour;
All thought and passion, faculty and power,
Was quickened and intense; the veil of gross
And faulty apprehension was withdrawn,
And left the naked heaven of infinite things
Close to me, like a throbbing heart. More close
I felt thy spirit, and I cried, "What now
If she be passing out on angel's wings?"
Just then the sun sank to his other dawn,
And as his rim burned down in final glow,
I heard a new voice in the house, the cry
Of the new-born, whose kindling human light
Rose on our lives, and, please God, by-and-by
Shall shine far out athwart the world's dark night.

—*William James Dawson.*

To My Dad

COMES Little Lady, a book in hand,
A Light in her eyes that I understand,
And her cheeks aglow from the faery breeze
That sweeps across the uncharted seas.
She gives me the book, and the word of praise
A ton of critical thought outweighs.
'I've finished it, daddie!' A sigh thereat.
'Are there any more books in the world like that?'

No, Little Lady. I grieve to say
That of all the books in the world to-day
There's not another that's quite the same
As this magic book with the magic name.
Volumes there be that are pure delight,
Ancient and yellowed, or new and bright;
But—little and thin, or big and fat—
There are no more books in the world like that.

And what, Little Lady, would I not give
For the wonderful world in which you live!
What have I garnered half as true
As the tales Titania whispers you?
Ah, late we learn that the only truth
Was that which we found in the Book of Youth.
Profitless others, and stale, and fat—
There are no more books in the world like that.

—*Bert Leston Taylor:* 'Treasure Island.'

To My Dad

A LITTLE child, a limber elf,
Singing, dancing to itself,
A fairy thing with red round cheeks
That always finds, and never seeks,
Makes such a vision to the sight
As fills a father's eyes with light;
And pleasures flow in so thick and fast
Upon his heart, that he at last
Must needs express his love's excess
With words of unmeant bitterness.

—*Samuel Taylor Coleridge.*

WHEN Dad an' Maw was married in the days long gone an' dead,
The neighbors sorter run the house—Mis' Grundy was the law;
When Dad felt kinder bilious, the ol' wood-pile in the shed
Was what he mostly needed, an' he uster go an' saw;
An' Maw kep' busy knittin', makin' clo'es an' bakin' pies,
An' Sis helped with the dishes an' the baby an' the rest,
An' Bub—that 's me—did chorin', early bed an' early rise;
The family was sleepin' when the sun was in the west.

I'm Daddy of a family now, built on a diff'runt plan:
A gas bill once a month, instead o' that ol' hickory pile;

To My Dad

Now when I wanter exercise, I take the
hired man—
He does me for a caddy—an' I play my
golf in style;
An' Mother? She 'n' the hired help jest
tuck th' aut'mobile;
An' Sister whacks at tennis—tendin'
Baby ain't her song;
An' Brother rows an' kicks an' swims, his
muscles is like steel—
They ain't no chores to keep him down—
he's too bejiggered strong!

I dunno what our Baby does, but sorter
'spect the nurse
Gets him to sprint with policemen when
she takes him out to walk—
He certainly is lookin' 's if he oughter come
in firs',
A-singin' coon songs long before he's old
enough to talk.
Them good ol' times wan't none too good—
they knew no better then,
To work was pious, an' 't was always
wickedness to play;
But now our women's stronger an' we're
better lookin' men,
An' boys an' girls grow bigger—an' I'm
glad to see the day!

—Alexander MacLean.

LIKE father, like son.

—Old Proverb.

To My Dad

TAKE my head on your shoulder, Daddy,
Turn your face to the west;
It is just the hour when the sky turns gold,
The hour that mother loves best.
The day has been long without you, Daddy,
You've been such a while away,
And now you're as tired of your work, Daddy,
As I am tired of my play;
But I've got you and you've got me,
So everything seems right;
I wonder if mother is thinking of us,
Because it's my birthday night.

Why do your big tears fall, Daddy?
Mother's not far away;
I often seem to hear her voice
Falling across my play;
And it sometimes makes me cry, Daddy,
To think it 's none of it true,
Till I fall asleep to dream, Daddy,
Of home, and mother, and you;
For I've got you and you've got me,
So everything may go;
We're all the world to each other, Daddy;
Dear mother told me so.

I'm sometimes afraid to think, Daddy,
When I am big like you,
And you are old and grey, Daddy,
What you and I would do

To My Dad

If when we got up to Heaven,
And mother was waiting there,
She shouldn't remember the two she left,
So sad and lonely here!
But year by year still sees no change,
And so 'twill all be right,
We shall always meet her in our dreams,
Daddy, dear Daddy, good-night.

—Mary Mark-Lemon.

A FATHER who understands human nature can turn out an imitation parson from a boy whom the Lord intended to go on the Board of Trade. But on general principles it's best to let your boy follow his bent, even if it leads him into the wheat pit.

While a young fellow will consult his father about buying a horse, he's cocksure of himself when it comes to picking a wife.

I want to say right here that I don't propose to be an ancestor until after I'm dead.

You worry over Charlie at college because he's a little wild, and he writes you that he's been elected president of the Y. M. C. A.; and you worry over William because he's so pious that you're afraid he's going to throw up everything and go to China as a missionary, and he draws on you for a hundred. Worrying is the one game in which, if you guess right, you don't get any satisfaction out of your smartness.

—George Horace Lorimer.

To My Dad

MY little son, who looked from thoughtful eyes
And moved and spoke in quiet grown-up wise,
Having my law the seventh time disobeyed,
I struck him, and dismissed
With hard words and unkissed,
His mother, who was patient, being dead.
Then, fearing lest his grief should hinder sleep,
I visited his bed,
But found him slumbering deep,
With darkened eyelids, and their lashes yet
From his late sobbing wet.
And I, with moan,
Kissing away his tears, left others of my own;
For, on a table drawn beside his head,
He had put, within his reach,
A box of counters and a red-veined stone,
A piece of glass abraded by the beach,
And six or seven shells,
A bottle with bluebells,
And two French copper coins, ranged there with careful art,
To comfort his sad heart.
So when that night I prayed
To God, I wept, and said:
'Ah, when at last we lie with trancèd breath,
Not vexing Thee in death,
And Thou rememberest of what toys

To My Dad

We made our joys,
How weakly understood
Thy great commanded good,
Then, fatherly not less
Than I whom Thou hast moulded from the clay,
Thou'lt leave Thy wrath, and say,
"I will be sorry for their childishness." '

—*Coventry Patmore.*

BEHOLD the child among his new-born blisses,
A six years' darling of a pigmy size!
See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,
Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
With light upon him from his father's eyes!

—*William Wordsworth.*

LOOK how he laughs and stretches out his arms,
And opens wide his blue eyes upon thine,
To hail his father: while his little form
Flutters as winged with joy. Talk not of pain!
The childless cherubs might well envy thee
The pleasures of a parent.

—*Lord Byron.*

A FATHER is a banker given by nature.

—*Montaigne.*

To My Dad

NOT only women dream the future's child
Or children, though such deep desire they bear
For all the rich rewards of motherhood,
They smile in travail; though each girl ungrown
Who sings her dolls uncertain lullabies
Sees infant faces, feels soft arms that cling,
Hears deep within the nursery of her heart
A medley of small mirth adorable,
And, as she grows, mothers all things she loves,
Lacking the little head against her breast
And yearning for it, when she cannot know
Wherefore she yearns. Yet sometimes to a man,
Roughest and sternest though he be of men,
Shocked into strength and pondering, from his young
Exuberance and easy joy, there comes
A longing that convulses all his soul;
And, standing in the wind against some dawn's
Prospect of racing cloud and lightening sky,
Or hard-beset in battle with the world
Deep in the city's stridence, or at pause
Before some new-discovered truth of life,
Unwittingly his hands go out to touch,
Hold off, and scan the youth of him that was,
Thrill to that brighter you it is decreed

To My Dad

Each father shall inherit from his son.
And, if his hands grope blindly, so his heart,
To hear a young voice at his shoulder speak,
Know young, elastic strides beside his own,
Resolve the problems of an unsullied heart
Flaming to his for counsel. I, scarce grown
Into my manhood, hovering, hovering still
Over my boyhood (as the gravest, oldest
Of men doth yet, or is no man of men),
Felt my heart tense, and but a noon ago
Strove in quick torture—for no woman's arms,
No woman's eyes, but for a questioning voice
Beside me, and a sturdy little step
In rhythm with mine. A phantom face looked up,
Trusting, round-eyed, alive with curious joy;
And all my being yearned: My son! My son!

—William Rose Benét.

AND has the earth lost its so spacious round,
The sky, its blue circumference above,
That in this little chamber there is found
Both earth and heaven—my universe of love?
All that my God can give me or remove,
Here sleeping, save myself, in mimic death,
Sweet that in this small compass I behoove

To My Dad

To live their living, and to breathe their
breath!
Almost I wish, that with one common sigh,
We might resign all mundane care and
strife;
And seek together that transcendent sky,
Where Father, Mother, Children, Husband,
Wife,
Together pant in everlasting life!

—*Thomas Hood.*

THE Psalms of David! Do they sing
them yet
In the old church that crowns the wood-
crown hill,
Within whose ancient pulpit, high uplifted,
I seem to see my youthful father
still? . . .

A little child, I see myself, awe-stricken,
Watching the people streaming down the
aisle,
Whose lengthening vista seemed to me un-
ending,
And the grand psalm-tune rose and fell
the while. . . .

This was the day a thought of daring thrilled
me:
When the last Psalm swelled on the throb-
bing air,

To My Dad

The pew door opened, down the broad aisle speeding,
I climbed with haste the lofty pulpit stair.

The great unknown it was that I was daring;
But yet I thought to gain my father's knee.
The top step reached: Oh, horror and undoing!
I beat upon a door too high for me!

Tempest of tears and sobs my bosom swelling,
I was afraid, and all the world grew dim;
My dear young father, while he still was praying,
Opened the door and drew me in to him.

Safe, safe, beside him with a heart exulting,
The peace of Heaven filled my childish breast;
Holding his hand, concealed from all beholders,
I clasped his knees, with all my soul at rest.

Dear father, if I climb at last to Heaven
And beat upon a door too high for me,
Will it not be thy hand which gently opens
That door, and clasps the child so dear to thee?

—*Frances Ekin Allison.*

To My Dad

I WRITE. He sits beside my chair,
And scribbles, too, in hushed delight;
He dips his pen in charmèd air:
What is it he pretends to write?

He toils and toils; the paper gives
No clue to aught he thinks. What then?
His little heart is glad; he lives
The poems that he cannot pen.

Strange fancies throng that baby brain.
What grave sweet looks! What earnest eyes!
He stops—reflects—and now again
His unrecording pen he plies.

It seems a satire on myself:
These dreamy nothings scrawled in air,
This thought, this work! O tricksy elf,
Wouldst drive thy father to despair?

Despair! Ah, no; the heart, the mind
Persists in hoping; schemes and strives
That there may linger with our kind
Some little record of our lives.

Beneath his rock i' the early world
Smiling the naked hunter lay,
And sketched on horn the spear he hurled,
The urus which he made his prey.

Like him I strive in hope my rhymes
May keep my name a little while:

To My Dad

O child, who knows how many times
We two have made the angels smile?
—*William Canton.*

SMALL traveller from an unknown shore,
By mortal eye ne'er seen before,
To you, good morrow.
You are as fair a little dame
As ever from a glad world came
To one of sorrow.

Perhaps you really wished to come,
But now you are so far from home
Repent the trial.
What! did you leave celestial bliss
To bless us with a daughter's kiss?
What self-denial!

The Earth is full of lovely things,
And if at first you miss your wings,
You'll soon forget them;
And others, of a rarer kind,
Will grow upon your tender mind—
If you will let them—

Until you find that your exchange
Of Heaven for earth expands your range
Even as a flyer,
And that your mother, you, and I,
If we do what we should, may fly
Than angels higher.
—*Cosmo Monkhouse.*

To My Dad

BETWEEN the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
That is known as the Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,
Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence:
Yet I know by their merry eyes
They are plotting and planning together
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall!
By three doors left unguarded
They enter my castle wall!

They climb up into my turret
O'er the arms and back of my chair;
If I try to escape, they surround me;
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwine,

To My Dad

Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine!

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old moustache as I am
Is not a match for you all?

I have you fast in the fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you down into the dungeon
In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you for ever,
Yes, for ever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
And molder in dust away!

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

SOME feelings are to mortals given,
With less of earth in them than heaven:
And if there be a human tear
From passion's dross refined and clear,
A tear so limpid and so meek
It would not stain an angel's cheek,
'Tis that which pious fathers shed
Upon a duteous daughter's head.

—Sir Walter Scott.

WE think our fathers fools, so wise we grow;
Our wiser sons, no doubt, will think us so.

—Alexander Pope.

To My Dad

I'VE got a letter, parson, from my son
'way out west,
An' my ol' heart is heavy as an anvil in my
breast,
To think the boy whose futur' I had once so
proudly planned
Should wander from the path o' right an'
come to sich an end.

His letters come so seldom that we somehow
sort o' knowed
That Billy was a-trampin' in a mighty rocky
road,
But never once imagined he would bow my
head in shame
An' in the dust 'd waller his ol' daddy's hon-
ored name.

He writes from out in Denver, an' the let-
ter's mighty short—
I just cain't tell his mother; it 'd break her
poor ol' heart.
An' so I reckoned, parson, you might break
the news to her:
Bill's in the legislatur', but he doesn't say
what fur. —*James Barton Adams.*

THIS is the time of the year, my boys
When we kids get out and make a noise
To see our daddies fall in line
And act like us (!) in a baseball nine.

To My Dad

Just see Bill's father and his nerve—
He can't come near the simplest curve!
And there's Jim's dad so lean and thin—
He don't know if he's out or in!

Just see Tom's pa the ground uproot!
See Harry's dodging at a shoot!
See, waving wildly in the air,
The strikes that should be home runs there!

And when at last the game is done,
It puts an end to us kids' fun.
We help our daddies, one and all,
Who thought they still could play baseball.

—*Alexander MacLean.*

'WHY did you do it?' demanded an angry father from a small son who had just broken an old and valuable vase. 'I guess it was just because I am a little boy,' answered the child. And could there have been a more truthful or a more disarming answer? What other, except that we lose our childhood, have we to offer the Father of All for our human folly?

—*George Shattuck.*

'GEORGIE, that little boy over yonder hasn't any daddy. Wouldn't you like to give him your white rabbit?'—'Can't I give him my daddy?'

—*London Punch.*

To My Dad

THERE came to port last Sunday night
The queerest little craft,
Without an inch of rigging on;
I looked and looked—and laughed!
It seemed so curious that she
Should cross the Unknown water,
And moor herself within my room—
My daughter! O my daughter!

Yet by these presents witness all
She's welcome fifty times,
And comes consigned in hope and love—
And common-meter rhymes.
She has no manifest but this;
No flag flies o'er the water;
She's too new for the British Lloyds—
My daughter! O my daughter!

Ring out, wild bells—and tame ones too;
Ring out the lover's moon;
Ring in the little worsted socks,
Ring in the bib and spoon.
Ring out the muse, ring in the nurse,
Ring in the milk and water.
Away with paper, pen, and ink—
My daughter! O my daughter!

—George Washington Cable.

THE Bible tells sluggards to go to the ant; but in these days most of them go to their daddies.

—Christopher Bannister.

To My Dad

'TIS bedtime; say your hymn, and bid
'Good-night;
God bless Mamma, Papa, and dear ones
all.'
Your half-shut eyes beneath your eyelids
fall,
Another minute, you will shut them quite.
Yes, I will carry you, put out the light,
And tuck you up, although you are so
tall!
What will you give me, sleepy one, and
call
My wages, if I settle you all right?

I laid her golden curls upon my arm,
I drew her little feet within my hand,
Her rosy palms were joined in trustful
bliss,
Her heart next mine beat gently, soft and
warm
She nestled to me, and by Love's com-
mand,
Paid me my precious wages, 'Baby's
Kiss.'—*Francis, Earl of Rosslyn.*

IN the mid-watches of the winter night
Lit with cheery lamp and hearth aglow
As goodly books their best before me
strow,
And all is still as my fond thoughts are
bright,
Till, sudden, soundeth laughter, boyish,
light!

To My Dad

Too brief for half his glee the day's quick flow,
So doth my son on slumberous hours bestow
His bubbling mirth, and laugh to the frosty night.

My merry boy! God give thee books good store;
A holy love for them, to guide thy wit
Straight to their soul; the gladness—all of it—
Of him who readeth late o' nights; nor more
Of grief than this, but such sweet tenderness
As when thy son, some night, laughs his caress.

—*Wallace Rice.*

I LOOK upon the little frame
As helpless on my arm it lies:
Thou giv'st me, child, a father's name,
God's earliest name in Paradise.

Like Him, creator too I stand:
His power and mystery seem more near;
Thou giv'st me honor in the land,
And giv'st my life duration here.

This is the blessing and the prayer
A father's sacred place demands:
Ordain me, darling, for thy care,
And lead me with thy helpless hands.

—*Bayard Taylor.*

To My Dad

A KIND winsome wifie,
A clean cantie hame,
An' smilin' sweet babies,
To lisp the dear name;
Wi' plenty of labor,
An' health to endure,
Make time to row round ay
The ae happy hour.

—*Alexander Laing.*

AULD Daddy Darkness creeps frae his hole,
Black as a blackamoor, blind as a mole:
Stir the fire until it lowes, let the bairnie sit,
Auld Daddy Darkness is no wantit yet.

See him in the corners hidin' frae the licht,
See him at the window gloomin' at the nicht;
Turn up the gas licht, close the shutters a',
An' Auld Daddy Darkness will flee far awa'.

Awa' to hide the birdie within its cosy nest,
Awa' to lap the wee flooers on their mither's breast,
Awa' to loosen Gaffer Toil frae his daily ca',
For Auld Daddy Darkness is kindly to a'.

He comes when we're weary to wean's frae oor waes,
He comes when the bairnies are gettin aff their claes;

To My Dad

To cover them so cosy, an' bring bonny dreams,
So Auld Daddy Darkness is better than he seems.

Steek yer een, my wee tot, ye'll see Daddy then;
He's in below the bed-claes, to cuddle ye he's fain;
Noo nestle to his bosie, sleep an' dream yer fill,
Till Wee Davie Daylicht comes keekin' owre the hill. —*James Ferguson.*

THIS is not only one man, this the father of those who shall be fathers in their turns;
In him the start of populous states and rich republics,
Of him countless and immortal lives with countless embodiments and enjoyments. —*Walt Whitman.*

I NEVER knew father, how crooked and deformed soever his son were, that would either altogether cast him off, or not acknowledge him for his own; and yet (unless he be merely besotted or blinded in his affection) it may not be said but he plainly perceiveth his defects, and hath a feeling of his imperfections. But so it is, he is his own. —*Montaigne.*

To My Dad

AMONGST other things my father had especially been persuaded to make me taste and apprehend the fruits of duty and science by an unforced kind of will and of mine own choice, and without any compulsion or rigor to bring me up in all mildness and liberty; yea, with such kind of superstition that, whereas some are of opinion that suddenly to awaken young children, and as it were by violence to startle and fright them out of their deep sleep in a morning (wherein they are more heavy and deeper plunged than we) doth greatly trouble and distemper their brains, he would every morning cause me to be awakened by the sound of some musical instrument. This example may serve to judge of the rest; as also to commend the judgment and tender affection of so careful and loving a father: who is not to be blamed, though he reaped not the fruits answerable to his exquisite toil and painful fertilizing.

—*Montaigne.*

CORANUS the Spaniard, at a table at dinner fell into an extolling his own father, saying, 'If he could have wished of God, he could not have chosen amongst men a better father.' —*Lord Bacon.*

IF a boy's best friend is his mother, why is not a girl's best friend her father?

To My Dad

AS thou to thy father, so thy son to thee.
—*Christopher Bannister.*

YEARS an' years ago, when I
Was just a little lad,
An' after school hours used to work
Around the farm with Dad,
I used to be so wearied out
When eventide was come
That I got kind o' anxious-like
About the journey home;
But Dad, he used to lead the way
An' once-'n-a-while turn round an' say,
So cheerin'-like, so tender, "Come!
Come on, my son; you're nearly home!"
That allers used to help me some;
An' so I followed father home.

I'm old an' grey an' feeble now,
An' trimbly at the knee,
But life seems jest the same to-day
As then it seemed to me,
For I am still so wearied out
When eventide is come,
An' still get kind o' anxious-like
About the journey home;
But still my Father leads the way,
An' once-'n-a-while I hear him say,
So cheerin'-like, so tender, "Come!
Come on, my son, you're nearly home!"
An', same as then, that helps me some;
An' so I'm following Father home.

To My Dad

FATHER, now my prayer is said,
Lay your hand upon my head!
Pleasures pass from day to day,
But I know that love will stay.

While I sleep it will be near;
I shall wake and find it here;
I shall feel it in the air,
When I say my morning prayer.

And when things are sad or wrong,
Then I know that love is strong;
When I ache or when I weep,
Then I know that love is deep.

Love is old and love is new,
You love me and I love you;
And the Lord who made it thus,
Did it in His love for us.

—*William Brighty Rands.*

SING them upon the sunny hills,
When days are long and bright,
And the blue gleam of shining rills
Is loveliest to the sight!
Sing them along the misty moor,
Where ancient hunters roved,
And swell them through the torrent's roar,
The songs our fathers loved!

Teach them your children round the hearth,
When evening fires burn clear,

To My Dad

And in the fields of harvest mirth,
  And on the hills of deer.
So shall each unforgotten word,
  When far those loved ones roam,
Call back the hearts which once it stirred
  To childhood's happy home.

The green woods of their native land
  Shall whisper in the strain,
The voices of their household band
  Shall breathe their names again;
The heathery heights in vision rise,
  Where, like the stag, they roved.
Sing to your sons those melodies,
  The songs your fathers loved!

—*Felicia Dorothea Hemans.*

ZOUNDS! I was never so bethumped with words
Since first I called my brother's father dad.

—*William Shakespeare.*

BE kind to thy father, for when thou wert young,
  Who loved thee so fondly as he?
He caught the first accents that fell from thy tongue,
  And joined in thy innocent glee.
Be kind to thy father, for now he is old,
  His locks intermingled with grey;
His footsteps are feeble, once fearless and bold;
  Thy father is passing away.

To My Dad

THE joys of parents are secret; and so are their griefs and fears; they cannot utter the one, or they will not utter the other. Children sweeten labors; but they make misfortunes more bitter; they increase the cares of life, but they mitigate the remembrance of death. —*Lord Bacon.*

AWAY! let naught to love displeasing,
My Winifreda, move your care;
Let naught delay the heavenly blessing,
Nor squeamish pride, nor gloomy fear.

What though, from fortune's lavish bounty,
No mighty treasures we possess;
We'll find within our pittance plenty,
And be content without excess.

Through youth and age, in love excelling,
We'll hand in hand together tread;
Sweet-smiling peace shall crown our dwelling,
And babes, sweet-smiling babes, our bed.

How should I love the pretty creatures,
While round my knees they fondly cling!
To see them look their mother's features,
To hear them lisp their mother's tongue!

And when with envy time transported
Shall think to rob us of our joys,
You'll in your girls again be courted,
And I'll go wooing in my boys!

To My Dad

MY wife and child, come close to me,
The world to us is a stormy sea:
With your hands in mine,
If your eyes but shine,
I care not how wild the storm may be.

For the fiercest wind that ever blew
Is nothing to me, so I shelter you;
No warmth do I lack,
For the howl at my back
Sings down to my heart, 'Man bold and true!'

A pleasant sail, my child, my wife,
O'er a pleasant sea, to many is life;
The wind blows warm,
And they dread no storm,
And wherever they go, kind friends are rife.

But, wife and child, the love, the love
That lifteth us to the saints above
Could only have grown
Where storms have blown
The truth and strength of the heart to prove. —*Ebenezer Jones.*

A BUMPER, my boys! to a grey-headed pair,
Who watched o'er my childhood with tenderest care.
God bless them, and keep them, and may they look down
On the head of their son, without tear, sigh, or frown. —*James Kirke Paulding.*

To My Dad

CHARLES! my slow heart was only sad, when first
I scanned that face of feeble infancy:
For dimly on my thoughtful spirit burst
All I had been, and all my child might be!
But when I saw it on its mother's arm,
And hanging at her bosom (she the while
Bent o'er its features with a tearful smile)
Then I was thrilled and melted, and most warm
Impressed a father's kiss: and all beguiled
Of dark remembrance and presageful fear,
I seemed to see an angel-form appear—
'Twas even thine, belovèd woman mild!
So for the mother's sake the child was dear,
And dearer was the mother for the child.

—*Samuel Taylor Coleridge.*

I LEARN to see with my old clouding eyes
My own young being thrilling as of yore;
I pluck forth from the surge on Lethe's shore
Some wave-worn treasure, with new-winged surprise;
Finding my little sons so wondrous wise
They conjure back through Memory's long-locked door
Lovely forgotten dreams; aye, they do more—

To My Dad

I gain a hope the Boy in me ne'er
dies!

And griefs that come? Surely, such griefs
were known
To him, my father, quite unguessed by me
Till now, when my lads send me sym-
pathy;
His well-borne burden mine, I make atone,
Thus only, for old faults—even then I
see
His and all fathers' blessing made my
own! —*Wallace Rice.*

YEARS bring fresh links to bind us,
wife,—young voices that we hear,
Young faces round our fire that make their
mother's yet more dear,
Young loving hearts, your care each day
makes yet more like to you,
More like the loving heart made mine when
this old ring was new.

And if God spare us 'mongst our sons and
daughters to grow old,
We know His goodness will not let your
heart or mine grow cold;
Your agèd eyes will see in mine all they've
still shown to you,
And mine in yours all they have have seen
since this old ring was new.

—*William Cox Bennett.*

To My Dad

BOYS, I've been out in the clearin'
Choppin' up some second-growth,
And, I swan, it's mighty cheerin'
When the frost is interferin'
With your seein' and your hearin'
And your nachral feelin's, both,
To hear your sister's voice a-callin':
"Supper, dad; the boys is all in."

Then I drop my axe and listen,
Makin' out I didn't hear,
For I knew a voice like this'n,
Which for years I've been a-missin',
And I seem to catch the glisten
Of two girlish eyes—it's queer,
But your ma lives in your sister
As she was when first I kissed her.

You remember her as turnin'
Thirty-odd, and all wore out;
But them days when we was burnin'
Walnut forewood and earnin'
The old farm jest sets me yearnin'
That the years could turn about
And your ma would call me to her
From the days when first I knew her.

Seems to me I didn't treat her
With the care I should have took;
Such a faithful wife, and neater
Than a hummin'-bird, and sweeter—

To My Dad

God forgive me!—if I meet her
There, she'll wear a lovin' look
And forgive me—she'll be callin',
"Come in, dad, the night is fallin'!"

—Ray Clarke Rose.

'AWAKE, awake, my little boy!
Thou wast thy mother's only joy.
Why dost thou weep in thy gentle sleep?
O wake! thy father doth thee keep.'

'Oh, what land is the land of dreams?
What are its mountains and what are its dreams?
O father! I saw my mother there,
Among the lilies by waters fair.'

'Dear child! I also by pleasant streams
Have wandered all night in the land of dreams;
But, calm and warm the waters wide,
I could not get to the other side.'

'Father, O father! what do we here
In this land of unbelief and fear?
The land of dreams is better far,
Above the light of the morning star.'

—William Blake.

HAPPY is the man who was 'Sonny' to his father and is 'Daddy' to his sons.

—John Jarvis Holden.

To My Dad

MY father loved the patient angler's art;
And many a summer day, from early morn
To latest evening, by some streamlet's side
We two have tarried; strange companionship!
A sad and silent man; a joyous child—
Yet were those days, as I recall them now,
Supremely happy. Silent though he was,
My father's eyes were often on his child
Tenderly eloquent—and his few words
Were kind and gentle. Never angry tone
Repulsed me, if I broke upon his thoughts
With childish question. But I learnt at last,
Learnt intuitively to hold my peace
When the dark hour was on him, and deep sighs
Spoke the perturbèd spirit—only then
I crept a little closer to his side,
And stole my hand in his, or on his arm
Laid my cheek softly; till the simple wile
Won on his sad abstraction, and he turned
With a faint smile, and sighed, and shook his head,
Stooping toward me: So I reached at last
Mine arm about his neck, and clasped it close,
Printing his pale brow with a silent kiss.

—*Caroline Bowles Southey.*

ONE father is more than a hundred schoolmasters. —*Proverb.*

To My Dad

WHEN you stand where I stand, with your face to the west,
With your boys, like my boys, half a dozen or more,
With your wife like your mother and, save her, the best,

Be you blest in them all, as your father before.
May your joys be like mine, and your sons be like you,
All a father and mother could wish them to be,
Their respect and their love prompting each one to do
For the son I adore, as my boys have for me!

When you stand where I stand, with your face to the west,
With the valley far stretching in beauty below,
May it look like a spot where the weary may rest
And a happy old age be delighted to go.
Being conscious of having your duties well done,
May you meet with your boys on occasions like this,
Every grace of the father enabling each son
Early joys to renew, every sorrow dismiss!

—*Edwin Oscar Gale.*

To My Dad

I HAVE two sons, wife—
Two, and yet the same;
One his wild way runs, wife,
Bringing us to shame.
The one is bearded, sunburnt, grim, and
fights across the sea,
The other is a little child who sits upon your
knee.

One is fierce and cold, wife,
As the wayward deep;
Him no arms could hold, wife,
Him no breast could keep.
He has tried our hearts for many a year,
not broken them, for he
Is still the sinless little one that sits upon
your knee.

One may fall in fight, wife—
Is he not our son?
Pray with all your might, wife,
For the wayward one;
Pray for the dark, rough soldier, who fights
across the sea,
Because you love the little shade who smiles
upon your knee.

—*Robert Buchanan.*

AGES ago, Chryseïs, lovely maiden,
Went from the sacred ship that bore
her home,
Left it to all the fates wherewith 'twas laden,

To My Dad

Walking four timid steps to welcome earth,
Then at the fifth, light as Idalian foam,
Running ashore, brimful of tender mirth,
Ages ago.

Ages ago a father sad and stricken,
Wailing the daughter ravished from his eyes,
Mourned by the beach—his ancient pulses quicken!
Lovely Chryseïs comes from out the ship
Slowly, until his reverend form she spies;
Then to him hastily, glad, with trembling lip,
Ages ago.

Ages ago old Chryses clasped his daughter,
Happy that she was his and not the King's.
Smiling through tears beside that Asian water
Lovely Chryseïs, home at last, still stands.
Many another bard some maiden sings—
Dearer to me Chryseïs on the sands,
Ages ago.

—Wallace Rice.

IT is a wise child that knows his own father. *—Old Proverb.*

To My Dad

I'VE a letter from thy sire,
Baby mine, baby mine;
I could read and never tire,
Baby mine, baby mine;
He is sailing o'er the sea,
He is coming home to me,
He is coming back to thee,
Baby mine!

Oh, I long to see his face,
Baby mine, baby mine;
In his old accustomed place,
Baby mine, baby mine;
Like the rose of May in bloom,
Like a star amid the gloom,
Like the sunshine in the room,
Baby mine.

I'm so glad, I cannot sleep,
Baby mine, baby mine;
I'm so happy, I could weep,
Baby mine, baby mine;
He is sailing o'er the sea,
He is coming home to me,
He is coming back to thee,
Baby mine!

—*Charles Mackey.*

LET fathers remember they once were sons, and sons learn their fathers once were boys, and it will be easier for both.

—*Christopher Bannister.*

To My Dad

STILL thine own its life retaineth—
Still must mine, though bleeding, beat;
And the undying thought which paineth
Is—that we no more may meet.

And when thou would solace gather,
When our child's first accents flow,
Wilt thou teach her to say, "Father!"
Though his care she must forgo?

When her little hands shall press thee,
When her lip to thine is pressed,
Think of him whose prayer shall bless thee,
Think of him thy love had blessed!

Should her lineaments resemble
Those thou never more mayest see,
Then thy heart will softly tremble
With a pulse yet true to me.

—*Lord Byron.*

A FOOLISH son is the calamity of his father.—*The Proverbs of Solomon.*

OBLIGATIONS are universally defined by the bonds of relation. Is such a man your father? Then it is implied that you are to take care of him, to give place to him in all things, to bear his rebukes, his chastisement. But if he be a bad father? Were you then related by any law of Nature to a good father? Nay, but simply to a father.

—*Epictetus.*

To My Dad

HE is old now,
And Time and Care have long ago
Covered his locks with winter's snow,
And lined his brow.

His step is slow,
Oft in his walk he stands to rest,
With folded arms upon his breast,
And head bent low.

His eyes are dim,
The world is fading from his sight,
And flower and tree and sun and light
Are naught to him.

The past is his,
And all day long his thoughts will roam,
And weave again in fancy's loom
Old memories.

At night I hear
His tottering footsteps cross the hall;
Slowly and solemnly they fall
Upon my ear.

Some night, I know
That I shall list for them in vain,
That I shall never go again
To kiss his brow.

Perchance e'en now
The Angel beckons him away;

To My Dad

And I, O God, would have him stay
With me below.

I cannot weep.
I watch him slipping from my side—
Gliding upon life's ebbing tide
To dreamless sleep.

But tears unshed
Scorch all the fibers of my heart.
There will be none to soothe the smart
When he is dead.

O God! I cry,
Spare him to me! He is my all!
Or bid thine Angel speed to call
Me too, to die!

—*Annie Murgatroyd.*

THE parent begins with an imperfect notion of the child's character, formed in early years or during the equinoctial gales of youth; to this he adheres, noting only the facts which suit with his preconception.

—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

'WOULDN'T you like to come and live with me, and be my little boy?' asked a kindly man of a little lad. 'Oh, no, sir,' said the urchin promptly. 'Why not?' asked the other, amused. 'Because I have such a nice daddy of my own,' was the convincing answer.

To My Dad

THE poets have not dealt fairly with their fathers. Quick to sing the feelings of fatherhood themselves, when that great blessing and happiness has been bestowed upon them, it is only in the rarest instances that their sons in turn have sung of them. One grateful exception, almost the only one in English poetical literature, may be found in the touching sonnet of dedication to his greater father, written by Hartley Coleridge, who has thus in a measure repaid the sonnet his father made for him when he was first put in his arms as a baby, to be found elsewhere in this book, together with the sonnet the younger Coleridge composed for his own child on his first birth anniversary. The lines to Samuel Taylor Coleridge follow:

FATHER, and bard revered! to whom I owe,
Whate'er it be, my little art of numbers,
Thou, in thy night-watch o'er my cradled slumbers,
Didst meditate the verse that lives to show
(And long may live, when we alike are low),
Thy prayer how ardent, and thy hope how strong,
That I should learn of Nature's self the song,
The lore which none but Nature's pupils know.

To My Dad

The prayer was heard: I 'wandered like a
breeze,'
By mountain brooks and solitary meres,
And gathered there the shapes and fan-
tasies
Which, mixed with passions of my sadder
years,
Compose this book. If good therein there
be,
That good, my sire, I dedicate to thee.
—*Hartley Coleridge.*

HUSBANDS should rather be fathers than lords. —*Livy.*

'TWAS when the sea with awful roar
A little bark assailed,
And pallid fear's distracting power
O'er each on board prevailed,

Save one, the Captain's little child,
Who steadfast viewed the storm;
And cheerful, with composure smiled
At danger's threatening form.

'Why playing thus?' a sailor cried,
'Whilst terrors overwhelm?'
'Why yield to fear?' the boy replied;
'My father's at the helm.'
—*Author Unknown.*

IT is a wise father that knows his own child. —*William Shakespeare.*

To My Dad

THE Sun, sweet girl, hath run his year-
long race
Through the vast nothing of the eternal
sky
Since the glad hearing of the first faint
cry
Announced a stranger from the unknown
place
Of unborn souls. How blank was then the
face,
How uninformed the weak light-shun-
ning eye,
That wept and saw not. Poor mortality
Begins to mourn before it knows its case,
Prophetic in its ignorance. But soon
The hospitalities of earth engage
The banished spirit in its new exile:—
Pass some few changes of the fickle Moon,
The merry babe has learned its mother's
smile,
Its father's frown, its nurse's mimic rage.

—*Hartley Coleridge.*

"'TWAS midnight; not a sound was
heard
Within the'—'Daddy, won't you look
An' see my pooty 'ittle house?
I wis' oo wouldn't read oor book—"

'Within his palace where the king
Upon his couch in anguish lay'—
'Daddy, dad-dee, I wis oo'd come
An' have a 'ittle tonty play—'

To My Dad

'No gentle hand was there to bring
  The soothing draught, or cool his brow;
His courtiers and his pages gone'—
  'Come, daddy, come; I want oo now.'

Down goes the book with needless force,
  And with expression far from mild;
With sullen air and clouded brow
  I seat myself beside my child.

Her trusting little eyes of blue
  With mute surprise gaze in my face,
As if in its expression stern
  Reproof and censure she could trace.

Anon her little bosom heaves,
  Her rosy lips begin to curl,
And with a quivering chin she sobs,
  'Daddy don't love his 'ittle girl!'

King, palace, book, are all forgot;
  My arms are round my darling thrown—
The thundercloud has burst, and lo!
  Tears fall and mingle with her own.

ASK your elders to tell you their histories. You will find incidents of heroism or patience or disinterested love that will make your hearts glow, and records of time differing from the present, calling for other standards and powers; and this knowledge will make you understand them better.

To My Dad

WHEN the black-lettered list to the gods was presented
(The list of what fate for each mortal intends),
At the long string of ills a kind goddess relented,
And slipped in three blessings—wife, children, and friends.

In vain surly Pluto maintained he was cheated,
For justice divine could not compass its ends;
The scheme of man's penance he swore was defeated,
For earth becomes heaven with wife, children, and friends.

—*William Robert Spencer.*

DIMPLED scheeks, mit eyes off plue,
Mout' like it vas moisd mit dew,
Und leetle teet' schust peekin' droo—
Dot's der baby.

Curly head, und full off glee,
Drowsers all oudt at der knee—
He vas been blayin' horse, you see—
Dot's leedle Yawcob.

Von hundord-sixty in der shade
Der oder day vhen she vas weighed—
She beats me soon, I vas afraid—
Dot's mine Katrina.

To My Dad

Barefooted head, und pooty stoudt,
Mit grooked legs dot vill bend oudt,
Fond off his bier und sauer-kraut—
Dot's me himself.

Von schmall young baby, full off fun,
Von leedle prite-eyed, roguish son,
Von frau to greet vhen vork is done—
Dot's mine family.

—*Charles Follen Adams.*

WHEN Dad has worn his trousers out,
They pass to brother John;
Then mother trims them round about,
And William puts them on.

When William's legs too long have grown,
The trousers fail to hide 'em,
So Walter claims them for his own
And stows himself inside 'em.

Next Sam's fat legs they close invest
And, when they won't stretch tighter,
They're turned and shortened, washed and pressed
And fixed on me—the writer.

Ma works them into rugs and caps
When I have burst the stitches;
At doomsday we shall see (perhaps)
The last of Dad's old breeches.

To My Dad

SOMEWHAT apart from the village, and nearer the Basin of Minas,
Benedict Bellefontaine, the wealthiest farmer of Grand-Pré,
Dwelt on his goodly acres; and with him, directing his household,
Gentle Evangeline lived, his child, and the pride of the village.
Stalworth and stately in form was the man of seventy winters;
Hearty and hale was he, an oak that is covered with snowflakes;
White as the snow were his locks, and his cheeks as brown as the oak-leaves.
Fair was she to behold, this maiden of seventeen summers.

—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

MY daddy, all these many years
Of childish doubt and manly fears,
My steadfast friend has been;
Unwearyingly guiding me
Past threatening terrors up to be
Free in my thought, in action free,
At peace without, within.

Yet three times in my little life
He interposed, and ended strife;
And curious now it is
To think of all he's done for me
And that these trifles now should be
Most grateful in my memory
Of all my memories.

To My Dad

Once, a mere child with sunny curls,
Which I despised, as like a girl's,
  I locked the door, and sheared
Each ringlet, most defiantly;
And my good daddy smiled on me,
And understood, and set me free
  From all the threats I feared.

And once, when I came home in blood,
Much battered, and besmeared with mud,
  And said I'd had a fight,
My daddy asked me if I'd won,
Patted my back, said, 'Good, my son!'
And gave me praise for what I'd done
  In every one's despite.

And once, when I was sure I'd die
Before help came, so sick was I—
  A gardener's pipe the cause,
My daddy understood again,
And said that boys had to be men,
And I'd make a good citizen
  When once I knew the laws.

How many matters of more ill
He helped me through—and helps me still—
  I have no space to say;
But this I know, these three I name,
Where I found kindness and not blame,
And understanding saved me shame,
  Stand boldest out to-day.

—John Jarvis Holden.

To My Dad

O TIME and Change!—with hair as grey
As was my sire's that winter day,
How strange it seems, with so much gone
Of life and love, to still live on! . . .
We sped the time with stories old,
Wrought puzzles out, and riddles told. . . .
Our father rode again his ride
On Memphremagog's wooded side;
Sat down again to moose and samp
In trapper's hut and Indian camp;
Again he heard the violin play
Which led the village dance away,
And mingled in its merry whirl
The grandam and the laughing girl;
Or, nearer home, our steps he led
Where Salisbury's level marshes spread
Mile-wide as flies the laden bee;
Where merry mowers, hale and strong,
Swept, scythe on scythe, their swaths along
The low green prairie of the sea.
We shared the fishing off Boar's Head,
And round the rocky Isle of Shoals
The hake-broil on the driftwood coals;
The chowder on the sand-beach made,
Dipped by the hungry, steaming hot,
With spoons of clamshell from the pot.

—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

FATHERS that wear rags
Shall make their children blind:
But fathers that bear bags
Shall see their children kind.—*Shaks.*

To My Dad

THOSE flaxen locks, those eyes of blue,
Bright as thy mother's in their hue;
Those rosy lips, whose dimples play
And smile to steal the heart away,
Recall a scene of former joy,
And touch thy father's heart, my Boy!

And thou canst lisp a father's name—
Ah, William, were thine own the same!—
No self-reproach—but, let me cease—
My care for thee shall purchase peace;
Thy mother's shade shall smile in joy,
And pardon all the past, my Boy!

Why, let the world unfeeling frown,
Must I fond Nature's claim disown?
Ah, no—though moralists reprove,
I hail thee, dearest child of love,
Fair cherub, pledge of youth and joy—
A father guards thy birth my Boy!

O 'twill be sweet in thee to trace,
Ere age has wrinkled o'er my face,
Ere half my glass of life is run,
At once a brother and a son;
And all my wane of years employ
In justice done to thee, my Boy!

—*Lord Byron.*

IT behooves the father to be virtuous who desires his son to be more virtuous than he has been. —*Plautus.*

To My Dad

IN afternoons, when Baby-Boy has had
a splendid nap,
And sits, like any monarch on his throne, in
nurse's lap,
In some such wise my handkerchief I hold
before my face,
And cautiously and quietly I move about
the place;
Then with a cry I suddenly expose my face
to view,
And you should hear him laugh and cry
when I say 'Booh!'

Sometimes that rascal tries to make believe
that he is scared,
And, really, when I first began, he stared
and stared and stared;
And then his under-lip came out, and far-
ther out it came,
Till mamma and the nurse agreed it was a
cruel shame;
But now what does that same wee toddling,
lisping Baby do
But laugh and kick its little heels when I
say 'Booh!'

He laughs and kicks his little heels in rap-
turous glee, and then
In shrill despotic treble bids me 'Do it all
aden!'
And I—of course I do it; for, as his
progenitor,

To My Dad

It is such pretty, pleasant play as this that
I am for!
And it is, oh, such fun! and I am sure that I
shall rue
The time when we are both too old to play
the game of 'Booh!'

—Eugene Field.

OF all estates that fall to man
Since time began,
I'm sure that I had rather
Be a father,

A laughing little son to see
Upon my knee;
I'd hug him, call him 'Laddie'—
He'd say 'Daddie!'

I'm sure I'd rather be the dad
Of some such lad,
For choice, and have my sonny,
Than much money.

—John Jarvis Holden.

HOW often in my impetuous youth have I regarded the wishes of my dad as a wall between myself and some pleasure I coveted, only to be taught by experience that the barrier was the arm of a friend, thrown as a shield to guard a happiness higher than any mere pleasure.

—Ruth Amy Sinclair.

To My Dad

TELL me, whither do they go,
All the Little Ones we know?
They grow up before our eyes,
And the fairy spirit flies.
Time the Piper, pied and gay—
Does he lure them all away?
Do they follow after him,
Over the horizon's brim?

Daughter's growing fair to see,
Slim and straight as popple tree,
Still a child in heart and head,
But—the fairy spirit's fled.
As a fay at break of day,
Little One has flown away,
On the stroke of fairy bell—
When and whither, who can tell?

Still her childish fancies weave
In the Land of Make-Believe;
And her love of magic lore
Is as avid as before.
Dollies big and dollies small
Still are at her beck and call.
But, for all this pleasant play,
Little One has gone away.

Whither, whither have they flown,
All the fays that we have known?
To what faery lands forlorn
On the sound of elfin horn?
As she were a woodland sprite,
Little One has vanished quite.

Waves the wand of Oberon:
Cock has crowed—the fay has gone!
—*Bert Leston Taylor.*

BEHOLD, my lords,
Although the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father: eye, nose, lip,
The trick of his frown, his forehead; nay, the valley,
The pretty dimples of his chin and cheek; his smiles,
The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger. —*William Shakespeare.*

TOUCH us gently, Time!
Let us glide adown thy stream
Gently,—as we sometimes glide
Through a quiet dream.
Humble voyagers are We,
Husband, wife, and children three—
(One is lost,—an angel, fled
To the azure overhead.)

Touch us gently, Time!
We've not proud or soaring wings:
Our ambition, our content,
Lies in simple things.
Humble voyagers are We,
O'er Life's dim unsounded sea,
Seeking only some calm clime;—
Touch us gently, gentle Time!
—*Bryan Waller Proctor.*

To My Dad

I HAVE met with fond mothers and fathers—
They have bored me, ah, many's the time!—
There's Smith who full oft has repeated
The tale of his youngling's first climb—
Who has checked off his infant's cute sayings
And cackled anew o'er each whim,
For Smith was the proudest of parents,
And I learned about babies from him.

There's Jones who came down in the morning
And cornered me oft in the car—
With him there was only one topic,
All others had sunk below par;
His babble of babes was quite endless—
My eyes would grow glassy and dim
As he purled, like a Tennyson brooklet,
And I learned about babies from him.

But now sweet revenge is my portion;
The Jones and Smith juniors are grown;
While I—oh, the unbounded rapture!—
Have a youngster, brand-new, of my own;
All in vain are their efforts at dodging—
I corner them now in great glee,
And they suffer the things that I suffered
As they learn about babies from me!

—*Arthur Chapman.*

To My Dad

HEERD 'bout what's happened?
Why, o' course ye has;
Baby up at Battenburg's,
Hope it ain't the las'!

Doctor come at eight o'clock,
Rig all splashed with clay;
Dad a-trampin' up the hall:
Skeery? I sh'd say!

Kind o' still roun' the house,
Folks on tiptoe walk
Till the door is open
An' we hear a squawk!

Doctor whispers suthin'—
Daddy hollers, "No!"
Doctor says, "Twelve-pounder!"
Daddy whoops out, "Sho!"

Daddy—happier 'n a clam!
Mother doin' well;
Baby up at Battenburg's,
Haven't ye heerd tell?

—Ben King.

THE pleasant face makes home happy. The tired father hurries as he nears the gate, thinking of its welcome.

—Charles Buxton.

HELP for your father is help for yourself. *—Christopher Bannister.*

To My Dad

SUCH fun as we had one rainy day,
When father was home and helped us play,
And made a ship and hoisted sail,
And crossed the sea in a fearful gale!
But we hadn't sailed into London town,
When captain and crew and vessel went down—
Down, down in a jolly wreck,
With the captain rolling under the deck.
But he broke out again with a lion's roar,
And we on two legs, he on four,
Ran out of the parlor and up the stair
And frightened mamma and the baby there.
So mamma said she would be p'liceman now,
And tried to 'rest us. She didn't know how!
Then the lion laughed, and forgot to roar,
Till we chased him out of the nursery door;
And then he turned to a pony gay
And carried us all on his back away—
Whippity, lickity, kickity, ho!
If we hadn't fun, then I don't know!
Till we tumbled off, and he cantered on,
Never stopping to see if his load had gone.
And I couldn't tell any more than he
Which was Charlie and which was me
Or which was Towser, for, all in a mix,
You'd think three people had turned to six,
Till Towser's tail had caught in a door;
He wouldn't hurrah with us any more;

To My Dad

And mamma came out the rumpus to quiet,
And told us a story to break up the riot.
—*Hanna More Johnson.*

SEVEN lusty sons sate daily round the board
Of Gold-Rill side; and when the hope had ceased
Of other progeny, a daughter then
Was given, the crowning glory of the whole!
The father—him at this unlooked for gift
A bolder transport seizes. From the side
Of his bright hearth, and from his open door,
And from the laurel-shaded seat thereby,
Day after day the gladness is diffused
To all that come, and almost all that pass;
Invited, summoned, to partake the cheer
Spread on the never-empty board, and drink
Health and good wishes to his new-born girl,
From cups replenished by his joyous hand.
—*William Wordsworth.*

SHE'S always standing on the steps
Just by the cottage door,
Waiting to kiss me when I come
Each night home from the store.
Her eyes are like two glorious stars
Dancing in heaven's own blue:
'Papa,' she calls out like a bird,
'I's looten out for you!'

To My Dad

THE dinner done, the lamp is lit,
And in its mellow glow we sit
And talk of matters, grave and gay,
That went to make another day.
Comes Little One, a book in hand,
With this request, nay, this command
(For who'd gainsay the little sprite),
'Please, will you read to me to-night?'

Read to you, Little One? Why, yes.
What shall it be to-night? You guess
You'd like to hear about the Bears—
Their bowls of porridge, tables, chairs?
Well, that you shall. . . . There! that tale's done!
And now—you'd like another one?
To-morrow evening, Curly Head.
It's 'hass-pass seven.' Off to bed!

So each night another story:
Wicked dwarfs and giants gory;
Dragons fierce and princes daring,
Forth to fame and fortune faring;
Wandering tots, with leaves for bed;
Houses made of gingerbread;
Witches bad and fairies good,
And all the wonders of the wood.

'I like the witches best,' says she,
Who nightly nestles on my knee;
And why by them she sets such store,
Psychologists may puzzle o'er.
Her likes are mine, and I agree
With all that she confides to me.

To My Dad

And thus we travel, hand in hand,
The storied roads of Fairyland.

Ah, Little One, when years have fled,
And left their silver on my head,
And when the dimming eyes of age
With difficulty scan the page,
Perhaps I'll turn the tables then;
Perhaps I'll put the question, when
I borrow of your better sight,
'Please, will you read to me to-night?'

—Bert Leston Taylor.

HOW sweet it were, if, without feeble fright,
Or dying of the dreadful beauteous sight,
An angel came to us, and we could bear
To see him issue from the silent air
At evening in our room, and bend on ours
His divine eyes, and bring us from his bowers
News of dear friends, and children who have never
Been dead indeed—as we shall know for ever.
Alas! we think not what we daily see
About our hearths—angels that are to be,
Or may be if they will, and we prepare
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air;
A child, a friend, a wife, whose soft heart sings
In unison with ours, breeding its future wings.

—Leigh Hunt.

To My Dad

I KNEW a man, a common farmer, the father of five sons,
And in them the fathers of sons, and in them the fathers of sons.
This man was of wonderful vigor, calmness, beauty of person,
The shape of his head, the pale yellow and white of his hair and beard, the immeasurable meaning of his black eyes, the richness and breadth of his manners,
These I used to go and visit him to see, he was wise also,
He was six feet tall, he was over eighty years old, his sons were massive, clean, bearded, tan-faced, handsome,
They and his daughters loved him, all who saw him loved him,
They did not love him by allowance, they loved him with personal love,
When he went with his five sons and many grandsons to hunt or fish, you would pick him out as the most beautiful and vigorous of the gang.

—*Walt Whitman.*

HE was so ill, my little boy,
My hope and joy,
And I had left the path to God
So long untrod!
The selfishness that I had kept
About me like a garment crept
From off my soul; I knelt and wept:

To My Dad

Punished so bitterly; and oh,
I merited it so!

He writhed and tossed, my little lad,
Lately so glad!
The fever on his face was red
'Gainst the white bed;
His eyes looked at me burning bright
And knew me not, for all their light:
The world was noon; but oh, the night
About my boy, about my heart,
Lest we should have to part!

I knelt me there and prayed:
I whispering said
The prayer in childhood taught to me
At a dear knee,
Making myself a child once more:
Phrases almost forgot before
Poured from a breast so sudden sore,
So heedless only yesterday
Of God's mysterious way.

So knelt I there to pray and weep
His soul to keep—
I durst not pray his soul to take
Ere he should wake!
Yet, as the long hours lagged, his brow
Grew cooler, though I knew not how. . . .
Alas, that it should be but now
I mind me of God's Fatherhood,
Remember He is good!

—Wallace Rice.

To My Dad

THE lights come in from the street,
In the school-room windows; but cold,
Solemn, unlighted, austere,
Through the gathering darkness, arise
The chapel-walls, in whose bound
Thou, my father, art laid!

O strong soul, by what shore
Tarriest thou now? For that force,
Surely, has not been left vain!
Somewhere, surely, afar,
In the sounding labor-house vast
Of being, is practised that strength,
Zealous, beneficent, firm.

Yes, in some far-shining sphere,
Conscious or not of the past,
Still thou performest the word
Of the Spirit in whom thou dost live,
Prompt, unwearied, as here! . . .

But thou wouldst not alone
Be saved, my father! alone
Conquer and come to thy goal,
Leaving the rest in the wild.
We were weary, and we
Fearful, and we in our march
Fain to drop down and to die.
Still thou turnedst, and still
Beckonedst the trembler, and still
Gavest the weary thy hand.
If, in the paths of the world,

To My Dad

Stones might have wounded thy feet,
Toil or dejection have tried
Thy spirit, of that we saw
Nothing—to us thou wast still
Cheerful, and helpful, and firm!

And through thee I believe
In the noble and great who are gone;
Pure souls honored and blest
By former ages, who else
Seemed but a dream of the heart,
Seemed but a cry of desire.

—*Matthew Arnold.*

DIONYSIUS the elder, when he saw his son in many things very inordinate, said to him, 'Did you ever know me to do such things?' His son answered, 'No, but you had not a prince to your father.' The father replied, 'No, nor you, if you take these courses, will have a prince to your son.' —*Lord Bacon.*

HOW many a father have I seen,
A sober man, among his boys,
Whose youth was full of foolish noise,
Who wears his manhood hale and green!

—*Alfred Tennyson.*

IF a son ask bread of any of you that is a father, will he give him a stone? or if he ask a fish, will he for a fish give him a serpent? —*Saint Luke.*

To My Dad

IT'S a comfort to me in life's battle
When the conflict seems going all wrong,
When I seem to lose every ambition
And the current of life grows too strong,
To think that the dusk ends the warfare,
That the worry is done for the night,
And the little chap there at the window
Believes that his daddy's all right.

In the heat of the day and the hurry
I'm prompted so often to pause,
While my mind strays away from the striving,
Away from the noise and applause:
The cheers may be meant for some other;
Perhaps I have lost in the fight;
But the little chap waits at the window,
Believing his daddy's all right.

I can smile at the downfalls and failure,
I can smile at the trials and pain;
I can feel that, in spite of the errors,
The struggle has not been in vain,
If fortune will only retain me
That comfort and solace at night,
When the little chap waits at the window,
Believing his daddy's all right.

—Louis E. Thayer.

MY father convinced me that nothing was useful which was not honest.

—Benjamin Franklin.

To My Dad

WHO took me from my mother's arms
And, smiling at her soft alarms,
Showed me the world and nature's charms?

Who made me feel and understand
The wonders of the sea and land,
And mark through all the Maker's hand?

Who climbed with me the mountain's height
And watched my look of dread delight
While rose the glorious orb of light?

Who from each flower and verdant stalk
Gathered a honeyed store of talk
And filled the long, delightful walk?

Who now in pale and placid light
Of memory bursts upon my sight,
Bursting the sepulcher of night?

Still let thy scholar's heart rejoice
With charm of thy angelic voice;
Still prompt the motive and the choice;

For yet remains a little space
Till I shall meet thee face to face,
And not, as now, in vain embrace.

—William Drennan.

WHATEVER the unknown days may bring me to build with, my house of life will be the better for the guidance of Dad, my father and friend.

To My Dad

ABRAHAM LINCOLN was sitting on his porch in Springfield one morning, reading the paper. His wife was giving their little three-year-old Willie his bath. Suddenly the amused father saw the twinkle of rosy legs as the little boy, screaming with joy at his escape from his mother's arms, ran past and on down the street. Dropping his newspaper, the good father stood up to watch the flight, laughing.

Mrs. Lincoln's appearance changed the aspect of the affair. 'Run and get him, Abe,' she insisted. 'He'll catch his death of cold. There, he's in the cornfield!'

Being chased was a game Willie understood. The running of the tall figure of the well known lawyer was enough to attract the neighbors, and a large and growing audience saw the flight and capture.

Past the smiling friends in the windows and on the walk strode the tall man, his son's fat legs around his neck as the urchin crowed and squealed with delight from his lofty perch. But it was not until he had been covered with kisses that he was so elevated, and not until he had been thoroughly kissed again was he restored to his mother.

MY Daddy is a fellow man
With such redeeming features
As fall within the common plan
Designed for human creatures.

To My Dad

When I was young I thought that he
  Was quite a god, or near it,
Unsinning, wonderful to see,
  And wise in mind and spirit.

Then I grew up, and as I grew,
  I went to school and college,
And learned so much—some of it true—
  That Dad seemed lacking knowledge;

Or so I thought, in priggish days
  When life and I were callow,
Before I'd caught the world's wise ways
  Through harvest time and fallow.

And now again my Daddy is
  A wise, if mortal, fellow,
With hosts of sound experiences
  To leave him ripe and mellow.

He is much like the rest of us
  Whom years leave sweet and winning,
And kindly, just, and generous,
  More sinned against than sinning;

And more and more it seems to me,
  No matter what the lad is,
He'll wish some day that he could be
  As good as his good Dad is.

—Alexander MacLean.

To My Dad

HE never wished a single tear to flow
Except in gratitude for kindly word
Or deed his heart impelled him to bestow.
The whispers of the blest are by him heard,
As in all ears they breathe what we should do,
To comfort those who writhe in sin and pain,
But spurned by all, save by the noble few
Who kindly lead them to a higher plane.

He never boasts of any good he's done,
But gentle impulse blooming into deeds
Have dropped in blessings rich on many a one
Who never knew the hand that met their needs.
Through all the years the lofty thoughts have been
Slow moulding his serene and happy face,
Till you can almost see the soul within
His features lighting with its hollowed grace.

—*Edwin Oscar Gale.*

MY children, I must leave you now,
The death-drops stand upon my brow;
My pulse is beating cold and low;
Once more good-bye before I go.

And why good-bye? for what is death?
I yield to earth my fleeting breath;

To My Dad

Some angel points an open door;
I pass; and earthly life is o'er.

Beyond a vista far unrolls;
Death brings me to this world of souls,
The home of the immortal mind,
Not burdened more or powers confined.

I cannot fear; the smiles of love
Even now are beaming from above;
I feel the breath of morn—but lo!
I hear the summons: I must go.

I'll come in spirit; Heaven shall send
Her faithful guardians to defend,
To teach, to guide with watchful eye
And bear you home—Good-bye, good-bye.

—*Edmund S. Holbrook.*

NO man can tell but he that loves his children how many delicious accents make a man's heart dance in the pretty conversation of these dear pledges; their childishness, their stammering, their little angers, their innocence, their imperfections, their necessities, are so many little emanations of joy and comfort to him that delights in their persons and society; but he that loves not his wife and children feeds a lioness at home and broods a nest of sorrows.

—*Jeremy Taylor.*

To My Dad

DEAR child, with eyes of heaven's stain
And face like fair flowers blowing,
It fills me with a sense of pain
To see how fast thou'rt growing.

But yesterday heaven's crystal door
Unclosed, and we received thee;
To-morrow thou wilt find how poor
The world that has deceived thee.

Already with such serious eyes
Thou look'st between thy kisses,
I feel that thou art growing wise,
Too wise for childhood's blisses.

I think of Jesus full of glee
Within the sunlit meadows,
And Mary with sad eyes that see
Far off the Cross's shadows.

And I could almost bow and pray:
'O Lord, if this Thy will is,
Let this sweet child for ever play
Amid sweet Nazareth's lilies!'

That thou must leave this happy plain
To life's steep Calvary going,
It fills me with sense of pain
To see how fast thou'rt growing.

—William James Dawson.

A WISE son maketh a glad father.

—The Proverbs of Solomon.

To My Dad

WHEN first I heard the little cry
Which told the earth and told the sky
I was a father, even I,

My eyes so filled with holy joy,
A golden bliss without alloy,
I scarce could see my little boy!

Certain am I that all the years
Of fatherhood, its cares and fears,
Cannot outweigh these happy tears.

Perchance my father's happiness
So wondrous was, that he can bless
All I have brought him of distress.

I wept with gladness, for it seemed—
This rapture that upon me streamed—
As if I slept, as if I dreamed;

And then, as in a swirl of fire,
I saw my vision soaring higher
In one vast sweep of son and sire,

Until it touched the Heavenly Throne
And bathed the Everlasting One
With all the bliss now made my own;

So that I thought I understood,
Unto the full, why God is good:
He shares with Man His Fatherhood.

—Wallace Rice.

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